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The Resolute Virgin's

GARLAND,

Containing Four Excellent New Songs,

1. The Unnatural Parent : Or, The Virgin's
last Resolve.

2. Jockey and Jenny : Or, The Queen of
the May.

Jenny of the Green.

3. The Portsmouth Wedding.



Printed by J. Wilson, in Bristol; H. Berrow, in Worcester; and M. Cook, in Gloucester.



*The Unnatural Parent : Or, The
Virgin's Last Resolve.*

YE Virgins, who do listen to
whate'er your Mothers say,
Be rul'd by me, and let's agree
No longer to obey :

For i have been snubb'd, and i have been
'till i have been black and blue; [drubb'd
But i'll behave no more like a Slave,
I wish i may die if i do, if i do,
and i wish i may die if i do.

Both Night and Day she prates away
about my being nice ;
but i declare 'twould make you stare
to hear her dull Advice:
She says that i from Men must fly,
or Mischief will ensue ;
But in all the Kind no Harm i find,
i wish i may die if i do, &c.

She says that Youth, still blind to Truth,
the Danger ne'er can tell ;
and 'tis from Sense and Experience
that she can talk so well :

But, if she got Sense from Experience;
 then she may depend upon't ;
 i'll try to be as wise as she,
 i wish i may die if i don't, if i don't, &c.

Young Damon gay, the other Day,
 would struggle for a Kiss:
 i pish'd and cry'd, and him did chide;
 with, *What d' you mean by this?*
'Tis wondrous rude that you'll intrude,
when i have so oft' forbid;
i wish i may die if you don't make me cry,
i wish i may die if you don't make me cry,
 but i wish i may die if he did, if he did, &c.

Then i'll be free whilst young i be,
 and let my Mother scold;
 and i'll despise being quite so wise
 until i am quite as cold:
 at forty-three a Prude i'll be,
 and lay my Follies by;
 and never till then will i shun the Men,
 and never till then will i shun the Men,
 if i do i wish i may die, i may die, &c.





Jockey and Jenný : Or, *The Queen of the May.*

J E N N Y.

Stern Winter has left us ; the Trees are in Bloom ;
And Cowslips and Violets the Meadows perfume :
Whilst Kids here are sporting, and Birds fill the Spray,
I wait but for *Jockey* to hail the new *May*,
I wait but for Jockey, &c.

J O C K E Y.

Among the young Lillies, my *Jenny*, I've stray'd ;
Pinks, Daisies, and Woodbines, I'll bring to my Maid ;
Here's Thyme sweetly smelling, and Lavender gay,
A Posy to form for my Queen of the *May*.

J E N N Y.

Ah ! *Jockey*, I fear you intend to beguile :
When seated with *Molly* last Night on a Stile,
You swore that you lov'd her for ever and aye,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, your Queen of the *May*.

J O C K E Y.

Young *Willy* is handsome in a Shepherd's green Dress ;
He gave you those Ribbons that hang at your Breast,
Besides three-sweet Kisses upon the new Hay ;
There was none like *Jenny* the Queen of the *May*.

J E N N Y.

This Garland of Roses no longer I prize,
Since *Jockey* false-hearted his Passion denies :

Ye flowers so blooming, this Instant decay,
For *Jenny's* none like the Queen of the *May*.

JOCKEY.

Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong;
Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song:
From the Dews of pale Eve to the Dawning of Day,
I sing but of *Jenny*, my Queen of the *May*.

JENNY.

Again balmy Comfort with Transport I view;
My Fears are all vanish'd since *Jockey* is true:
Then to our blythe Shepherds the News I'll convey,
That *Jenny* alone you're crown'd Queen of *May*.

JOCKEY.

Of every Degree ye young Lovers draw near;
Avoid all Suspicion that e'er may appear:
Believe not your Eyes if your Peace they'd betray.
Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new *May*.



JENNY of the Green.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vaux Hall.

While others strip the new-fall'n Snow,
and steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
to dress their Fancy's Queen;
Pain would I sing, but Words are faint,
All Music's Power's too weak to paint
my *Jenny* of the Green.

Beneath this Elm. beside this Stream,
 How oft' i've run'd the fav'rite Theme,
 and told my Tale unseen;
 While. faithful in the Lover's Cause.
 The Winds would murmur soft Applause
 to *Jenny* of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
 When deck'd in all the Pride of *May*,
 she hail'd the Sylvan Scene ;
 Then ev'ry Nymph, that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the Grace and Ease
 of *Jenny* of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,
 On me she cast her partial Eye,
 nor scorn'd my humble Mien :
 That fragrant Myrtle-Wreath I wear
 That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair
 of *Jenny* of the Green.

Thro' all the fairy Land of Love
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
 The Pride of gay Fifteen ;
 Tho' now she treads some distant Plain,
 Tho' far apart, i'll meet again
 My *Jenny* of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that bless'd Night
 That brings her back with speedy Flight,
 Melt down the Hours between ;

And, when we meet, the Loss repay;
 On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
 With *Jenny* of the Green.

The Portsmouth Wedding.

THere was a youthful Maiden fair
 Liv'd at *Portsmouth*, at Service there,
 Where jolly Sailors, stout and bold,
 Did come on Shore to spend their Gold.

Among those Mariners of Name
 A tall young proper Captain came:
 On Shore went he, that Night beheld,
 He was with Joy and Wonder fill'd.

And the young Damsel she
 Was deep in Love as well as he,
 But kept her Passion close confin'd,
 And knew not how to tell her Mind.

She reason'd with herself, and cry'd,
Why dost such Torments here abide?
My Project I will make,
and tell but it may take?

herself as bright and gay
 the Queen of *May*;
 came in the Captain's Sight,
 wounded him outright.

For wanton Sport he courted her,
 But still she cry'd, *Be civil, Sir!*
For i never did. nor will comply
'Till i am married; no, no, not I.

He said, *My youthful Maiden fair,*
i'll ne'er prove false to thee my Dear;
But as a Pledge receive this Ring
into thy pretty Hand i bring.

Next Day the Marriage-Knot was ty'd
 Betwixt the Captain and his Bride,
 In presence of I know not who,
 The Boatswain and all the Ship's Crew.

For Joy the *Portsmouth* Bells did ring,
 The Music play'd, and the Sailors did sing,
 As being newly come on Shore,
 They soon made thirty Weddings more.

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